

FRENCH INDUSTRY IS RECOVERING

Natural Thrift and Economy Promise Rapid Progress

EXPORT BUSINESS GROWING

Our Great Ally Possesses Recuperative Powers Which Justify Belief That She Will Meet and Solve Triumphant the Problems Which Confront Her After the War.

With Paris boulevards echoing with "vives" for American troops our interest in the welfare of our ally vastly increases, and the facts are not lacking to encourage the belief that she is already on the road to recovery from the blow of invasion by a ruthless enemy.

One of the most important developments is the announcement that one of the largest banking institutions in America concerned with foreign trade, the Guaranty Trust company of New York, has opened a Paris branch to handle the rapidly increasing volume of French business.

This action may surprise many persons who had thought of France as bowed under a calamitous invasion. The bank, however, gives figures indicating that France is not only meeting her military and civilian problems with a stout heart and never failing courage, but is re-establishing her export business with this country.

In 1914, the year of the outbreak of the war, imports from France to this country totaled \$141,440,252. This total was reduced to \$77,158,740 in 1915, but last year the value of French imports to the United States rose to \$102,077,000.

"A nation that can achieve such a commercial recovery while her territory is being ravished by the invader," says the Trust company's statement, "possesses recuperative powers which justify the belief that she will emerge from the present conflict prepared to meet and solve triumphantly the problems which confront her."

The commercial and industrial record of France, following past wars, indicates that she should recover quickly from the actual physical destruction inflicted in the present conflict. The reconstruction of railroads, the erection of factories to replace those destroyed, and the replacement of the mechanism of industrial activity that will be required and that is in part already planned, offer a peculiarly inviting field to American capital and enterprise. Tentative steps have already been taken by representatives of American engineers and business men in this work.

Aside from its attractive business aspect, the enlistment of American money and effort in the great task of reconstruction that will remain at the end of the war will tend to cement still more closely the ties that bind the two great republics together, and will enable Americans to discharge in part the debt they owe to France for her friendly interest in the welfare and progress of the United States from the beginning of its life as a nation.

In judging the industrial status of any nation, its production and consumption of coal, iron, and steel and the growth of its transportation systems are highly significant factors.

In 1913, French industries consumed 21 million tons of coal, of which 13.7 millions were taken from home mines. In 1912, the consumption was 63 million tons, of which 41 million tons were taken from home mines.

In 1890, the French output of cast iron was 1,380,000 tons, and of steel, 1,000,000 tons. In 1914, France produced 5,211,000 tons of cast iron and 4,025,000 tons of steel.

SOLDIERS IN THE VERDUN SECTOR REPAIRING A RUINED CANAL



IN THEIR RETIREMENT FROM OCCUPIED TERRITORY THE GERMAN ARMY DESTROYED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.

The increasing activity of our railway system is similarly demonstrated. In 1893, there were in France 10,745 miles of railway track; in 1912, there were 31,540 miles.

Between 1890 and 1912, inland navigation increased 150 per cent; while the traffic of her mercantile marine has amazingly expanded. The tonnage entering French ports in 1899 is set down as 11,000,000 tons. In 1912, this had been increased to 53,000,000 tons.

Leaders in American finance ascribe this solidarity of the French republic to three influences: first, a thoroughly sound banking system, centralized in one of the greatest banking institutions of the world, the Bank of France; second, the ingrained thrift and frugality of the French people as a whole, together with a national economic vigor not elsewhere surpassed; third, wise supervision, and patriotic co-operation by the government with banking and business interests.

The government does its part to warrant and retain the confidence of the holders of its securities. One of its wise policies is to impose new taxes to defray the interest charges on new security issues. It began this practice after the Franco-Prussian war, and is today following the same rule in regard to securities issued to finance the present conflict. This continuity of purpose, doubtless, will prove reassuring to all holders of French government securities.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 taught the French people the meaning of thrift and economy. So well did they learn this lesson, that the whole sum of the indemnity demanded by Germany, \$1,000,000,000, was raised within the republic's confines by its own inhabitants and paid off more than one year before the time stipulated by the Germans.

The habit thus acquired has never been forgotten by the French, and today the aggregate number of investors purchasing the French war loans has reached the amazing total of 4,500,000 individual subscribers. Perhaps no other country, in proportion to its population, can make so good a showing.

France is particularly fortunate in that her small investors prefer "safe" investments rather than offerings which promise high returns. Government bonds are perennial, and this characteristic seems to obtain for these government bonds increasing favor in the eyes of the French people.

The points of sympathy between France and America are too many to enumerate, but the spirit of liberty and its resultant democracy are, today as always, the major ideals of both nations. Seeking no victories but those of peace, no territory except sovereignty over themselves — the independence and equal rights of the weakest member of the family of nations are to the people of the United States and of France entitled to as much respect as those of the mightiest empire. In defense of these principles, France is engaged in a death struggle with militant autocracy and ruthless aggression, and it is not surprising to learn that she has turned to her allies and to other friendly powers of the community, for old and young."

Fred Hillyard, made a most interesting talk on "Manual Training," and "Domestic Science," how that we should endeavor to teach these subjects that they will be real live helps and not misfits. Physiology and hygiene should be taught in schools so thoroughly that it will be lived and improved our homes, so with domestic science and manual training — not just for girls but teach, so that boys and girls

It is evidently fitting that America should now be fighting on French soil to make the world safe for democracy. The liberty that America has enjoyed for 140 years France helped her to achieve. The swords of Lafayette and Rochambeau, blazed by the guns of De Grasse upon the high seas, assisted in cutting the foreign ties that bound the American colonies prior to the War for Independence, and from the private purse of King Louis himself came the first loan to America — unsecured and unconditional — to finance that historic undertaking. It was with entire justification that Washington wrote to Rochambeau, "To the generous aid of your nation and to the bravery of its sons is to be indebted in a very great degree that independence for which we have fought."

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA

A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE CATHARTIC AND LIVER TONIC

LAX-FOS is not a Secret or Patent Medicine; but is composed of the following roots and herbs:

CASCARA BARK
BLUE FLAG ROOT
RHUBARB ROOT
BLACK ROOT
MAY APPLE ROOT
SEMINA LEAVES
AND PEPSIN

In LAX-FOS the CASCARA is improved by the addition of these digestive ingredients making it better than CASCARA, and thus the combination is only a stimulating laxative and cathartic but also a digestive and liver tonic. Syrup laxatives are weak, but LAX-FOS combines strength with palatable aromatic taste and does not grip or disturb the stomach. One bottle will prove LAX-FOS is invaluable for Constipation, Indigestion or Torpid Liver. Price 50c.

Teachers' Association

tion At Chapel Hill.

Though late in being related it must be well remembered that the teachers of educational division No 1, held a most enjoyable Teachers' Association at Chapel Hill, August 31st, 1917.

It, Friday the 31st, was a beautiful sunny day and 11 teachers, county superintendent, patrons and friends assembled in the comfortably, cool and pleasant school house at Chapel Hill.

The president of the district being absent, the county superintendent, E. J. Travis, took the leadership.

The Association was opened by the assembly, singing the glorious anthem "My Country 'Tis of Thee," then devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Newman, first reading the sixth chapter of Galatians, soul awakening and inspirational to teachers.

E. J. Travis then gave a welcome address, next Miss Della Stembridge ably discussed "The New Education" under this kind of education, "The aim of every school should be to give as far as possible, an opportunity for a liberal education to all and a vocational training to each, to provide for every educational need of the community, for old and young."

Fred Hillyard, made a most interesting talk on "Manual Training," and "Domestic Science," how that we should

endeavor to teach these subjects that they will be real live helps and not misfits. Physiology and hygiene should be taught in schools so thoroughly that it will be lived and improved our homes, so with domestic science and manual training — not just for girls but teach, so that boys and girls

will be real live helps and not misfits.

Beginning July 1, 1918, and continuing until July 1, 1919, the rate per pound on reading matter will be 1½ cents, or ¼ of a cent more than the present rate on all second-class mail matter, 1½ cent per pound after July 1, 1919.

Beginning July 1, 1919, and July 1, 1920, first and second zones, 1½ cents;

third, 1½ cents; fourth, 2 cents; fifth, 2½ cents; sixth, 3½ cents; seventh, 3 cents and eighth, 4½ cents.

Between July 1, 1920, and July 1, 1921, first and second zones, 1½ cents;

third, 2½ cents; fourth, 4 cents; fifth, 5½ cents; sixth, 6½ cents; seventh, 7 cents; eighth, 7½ cents; ninth, 8½ cents.

Between July 1, 1921, and July 1, 1922, first and second zones, 1½ cents;

third, 3 cents; fourth, 5 cents; fifth, 6½ cents; sixth, 7½ cents; seventh, 8½ cents; eighth, 9½ cents; ninth, 10 cents.

These rates would apply on all publications entered as second-class mail matter, including sample copies to the extent of 10 per cent of the weight of copies mailed to subscribers during the calendar year.

may make home more comfortable and happier. Teach in rural communities through organizing Mothers' Clubs.

Kenna Powell discussed "Hygiene in Rural Schools," laying stress on individual drinking cups, ventilation of buildings, proper care of teeth and proper conditions of school grounds.

We here had an intermission for lunch and, oh! Such splendid luncheon did we have. We will long remember those splendid cakes and pies and many other luscious things and we all thought we would like to go back next year to Chapel Hill to have our Association, if we could have such another feast of good things.

Afternoon intermission we were favored with a recitation by Miss Isabel Walker, and a story by Miss Ethel Hard.

Miss Frances Gray discussed the pros and cons of "The School Museum." Miss Clara Belt told us how to have "School Gardens."

Fred Hillyard told us how we were to have a substitute teacher and be allowed to visit other schools this year.

Miss Jennie Clement in her discussion of "Character Building," taught us to teach the pupils that, "Selfishness and untruth bring unhappiness while kindness and truth bring happiness."

Mr. Travis also discussed "Character Building."

Miss Ruby Hard said that Louisa Alcott's stories, Dickens', Scott's novels were suitable reading for girls of twelve years; Swiss Family, Robinson, Treasure Island, Carpenter's, Geographical Readers and King Arthur and his Knights were books suited to boys of twelve years.

Rev. Newman discussed Character Building and Patrons' duty to Teachers.

Rev. Newman said, a teacher to really build character in the child, must first have a character that the child could entirely believe in, and the child following his example might have a good character. He impressed the fact the teachers do too much of the children's work, they should teach the children how to study.

We adjourned feeling that we had had a thoroughly encouraging, upbuilding and enjoyable day.

White-Breasted Nuthatch

Sitta carolinensis



Length, six inches. White below, above gray, with a black head.

Range: Resident in the United States, southern Canada, and Mexico.

Habits and economic status: This bird might readily be mistaken by a careless observer for a small woodpecker, but its note, an oft-repeated yank, is very woodpecker-like, and, unlike other woodpeckers or creepers, it climbs downward as easily as upward and seems to set the laws of gravity at defiance. The name was suggested by the habit of wedging nuts, especially beech-nuts, in the crevices of bark so as to break them open by blows from the sharp, strong bill.

The nuthatch gets its living from the trunks and branches of trees, over which it creeps from daylight to dark. Insects and spiders constitute a little more than 50 per cent of its food. The largest items of these are beetles, moths, and caterpillars, with ants and wasps. The animal food is all in the bird's favor except a few ladybird beetles. More than half of the vegetable food consists of mast, i. e., acorns and other nuts or large seeds.

One-tenth of the food is grain, mostly waste corn. The nuthatch does

no injury, so far as known, and much good.

TIGHTENS BLOCKADE.

More Vigorous Policy Toward Germany is Advanced.

London.—A still more vigorous blockade of Germany is to be enforced by the entente allies as a result of the conference of Lord Robert Cecil with the French minister of

blockade. The king signed a proclamation prohibiting the exportation of certain articles to Sweden and Holland. The king's approval also was given, making it more difficult for the enemy to obtain supplies.

WAR TAX SCHEDULE FINALLY REACHED

SENATE AND HOUSE CONFEREES AGREE ON BILL AND MAKE REPORT TO HOUSE.

BILL CARRIES \$2,700,000,000

Excess Profits Heavily Taxed On Graduated Scale From 20 to 60 per cent—Heavy Increases Levied On Second Class Mail Matter

Washington.—Final agreement on the \$2,700,000,000 war tax bill was reached by the senate and house conferees and reported to the house. Levies of approximately \$1,000,000,000 on war excess profits and \$12,000,000 incomes were left unchanged, but a new system of calculating excess profits were adopted.

The conference report provides that the graduate tax of from 20 to 60 per cent on excess profits of corporations, partnerships and individuals shall be levied on a basis of invested capital compared with invested capital of the three prewar years of 1911, 1912 and 1913. This is a substitute for the senate taxes of from 16 to 60 per cent, based upon a similar comparison of prewar and present profits.

The income tax section virtually was unchanged, except for rearrangement of surtaxes on incomes between \$15,000 and \$40,000. The graduated surtaxes of from one to 50 per cent on incomes from \$5,000 to those of a million and over were approved.

The senate increase of from two to four per cent of the income tax on corporations, joint stock companies and insurance companies was approved, together with the new normal individual tax of two per cent on incomes of unmarried persons in excess of \$1,000, and of married persons of more than \$2,000.

Second-Class Rates Raised.

Enormous increases on second class mail matter are proposed in the conference report on the war tax bill. Different rates would apply to reading and advertising matter and no free zone would be provided for either.

Beginning July 1, 1918, and continuing until July 1, 1919, the rate per pound on reading matter will be 1½ cents, or ¼ of a cent more than the present rate on all second-class mail matter, 1½ cent per pound after July 1, 1919.

Publications carrying more advertising than 5 per cent of their total space would be subjected under the fourth-class parcel post zone system to the following rates per pound on the advertising matter:

Between July 1, 1918, and July 1, 1919, first and second zones, 1½ cents; third, 1½ cents; fourth, 2 cents; fifth, 2½ cents; sixth, 3½ cents; seventh, 4½ cents; eighth, 5½ cents.

Between July 1, 1919, and July 1, 1920, first and second zones, 1½ cents;

third, 2½ cents; fourth, 4 cents; fifth, 5½ cents; sixth, 6½ cents; seventh, 7½ cents; eighth, 8½ cents.

Between July 1, 1920, and July 1, 1921, first and second zones, 1½ cents;

third, 3½ cents; fourth, 5 cents; fifth, 6½ cents; sixth, 7½ cents; seventh, 8½ cents; eighth, 9½ cents; ninth, 10 cents.

These rates would apply on all publications entered as second-class mail matter, including sample copies to the extent of 10 per cent of the weight of copies mailed to subscribers during the calendar year.

After July 1, 1921, first and second zones, 2 cents; third, 3 cents; fourth, 4½ cents; fifth, 6½ cents; sixth, 7½ cents; seventh, 9½ cents; eighth, 10½ cents.

These rates would apply on all publications entered as second-class mail matter, including sample copies to the extent of 10 per cent of the weight of copies mailed to subscribers during the calendar year.

MONROE DOCTRINE IN ORIENT

Viscount Ishii Says That Door To Legitimate Trading Will Not Be Closed in Orient.

New York.—Proclaiming a Monroe doctrine of the far east, Viscount Ishii, head of the Japanese mission to the United States, warned the nations of the world that his country will not tolerate aggressions against the territory or independence of China. At the same time he pledged Japan not to attempt similar aggressions on her part.

Speaking at a formal dinner in honor of the imperial envoy's visit to New York, the ambassador of Emperor Yoshihito outlined publicly for the first time since he set foot on American soil the policy of his government as it relates to China.

While he boldly warned the world against any attempt to invade the rights of the republic of the far east, Viscount Ishii

Crittenden Record-Press

Marion, Ky., Oct. 18, 1917

S. M. JENKINS.
Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter February 9th 1878 at the post office at Marion, Kentucky, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ADVERTISING RATES

\$1.50 per year cash in advance.

Advertising Rates.

50c per inch S. C. Foreign Advertising
5c per inch S. C. Home Advertising
Repeated Ads one-half rate.

Metal Plates for Plates and Electrodes
Locals or Readers

5cts per line in this size type.

10cts per line in this size type

15cts. a line this size type.

Obituaries 5c per line
Cards of Thanks 5c per line
Resolutions of respect 5c a line

place.

In addition to the folks of the immediate neighborhood a number of people gathered from other communities including several prominent young men from Salem.

There were light boxes of nice food which were sold to the highest bidders and a tidy little sum of money was realized which will be given for the benefit of the New Salem Church.

After all a beautiful and delicious cake was brought forth and sold in a beauty contest on the prettiest girl and as luck would have it Miss Nelle Conyer was the winner.

HERE IS HOW UNCLE SAM CAN USE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Mrs. Donald McDonald, chairman for Kentucky of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, yesterday issued a bulletin to her co-workers, detailing what Uncle Sam will do for each of the dollars that comes to him in exchange for his Liberty bonds.

These are sample appropriations. A \$50 bond will supply four months sustenance in field for one man.

A \$100 bond will supply 200 pounds of smokeless powder.

A \$200 bond will supply complete uniform and outfit for four navy men.

A \$500 bond will supply 180 gas masks.

A \$1,000 bond will supply gasoline enough to drive a submarine 2,000 miles.

A \$2,000 bond will supply 520 thirteen-pound shells to destroy submarines.

COULD HARDLY STAND ALONE

Terrible Suffering From Headache Sideache, Backache, and Weakness, Relieved by Cardui, Says This Texas Lady.

Gonzales, Tex.—Mrs. Minnie Full pot, of this place, writes: "Five years ago I was taken with a pain in my left side. It was right under my left rib, and it would commence with a bang and extend up into my left shoulder and on down into my back. By that time the pain would be so severe I would have to take to bed and suffered usually about three days... I suffered this way for three years, and got to be a mere skeleton and weak. Weak I could hardly stand alone. Was not able to go anywhere and had to let my house work go... I suffered awful with a pain in my back and I had the headache all the time. I just was unable to do a thing. My life was a misery, my stomach got in an awful condition, caused from taking so much medicine. I suffered so much pain. I had just about given up all hopes of my getting anything to help me.

One day a Birthday Almanac was thrown in my yard. After reading its testimonial I decided to try Cardui, and am so thankful that I did. It began to improve when on the second bottle... I am now a well woman and feeling fine and the cure has been permanent for it has been two years since my awful bad health. I will always praise and recommend Cardui." Try Cardui today.

The officers for the Senior Class for the year are, Robert Hamilton, President, Nellie Stone, Vice President, Katherine Reed, Treasurer, Katie May, Freshman Class.

Those making the highest grades in the four classes in High School for the first month were, Katherine Reed and Lucile Moore, Senior; Elizabeth Cook, Junior Class; Ray Foster, Sophomore Class; Ina May, Freshman Class.

See the following between Marion and Providence next Saturday afternoon at Maxwell Park.

Watts Franklin spent Saturday and Sunday in Greenup.

Mildred Bourland spent the week end in Evansville.

Edwin Hughes was called home Monday morning to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Lueile Moore spent Saturday and Sunday in Hopkinsville.

MUSTANG
For Sprains, Lameness,
Sores, Cuts, Rheumatism
Penetrates and Heals.
Stops Pain At Once
For Man and Beast
25c. 50c. \$1. At All Dealers.

ENTIMENT

Box Supper At Mrs. Clark's.

Quite a number of people attended the Box Supper at Mrs. Clark's Saturday night and it proved to be one of the most enjoyable affairs which has been held at this

The legacy of a good name based on a pure character is far beyond value, rich is the inheritance it leaves, precious is the home it inspires. Those who rob others of their property, take that which can be regained by time and opportunity, but who can regain a lost and ruined character.

Those who ridicule others for their poverty, upbraid them for it which industry may retrieve but what wealth can redeem the bankrupt character. Oh how I wish people would prize this peerless thing as highly as it should be in place of looking upon with contempt like some of them does as if it was dust beneath their feet. If fathers and mothers of today would only be more careful to teach their children the value of character, not by words alone, but by living a pure and blameless life themselves there would be fewer lives wrecked by vice.

I have known parents to talk to their children and tell them to live right, when at the same time, they themselves were living the vilest of lives, so what good will such talk do children when in later years they will learn of the immoral conduct of their parents.

When a boy or girl goes astray and keeps on going on the downward path and goes so low and vile that they do not even try to redeem themselves, then the world will look upon them with disdain, but they do not stop to think that perhaps the parents of this boy or girl are in a measure the blame for it, for they might of failed to teach them the value of character when they were little, for if a child is trained up in the way it should go, when it is old it will not depart from it.

The most of married people do not stop to consider what a great responsibility rests upon them, and by doing so they fail to do what God intended them to do, to train and keep their children in the path of purity until they become old enough to realize the value of character.

If fathers and mothers would only ask for the help of their heavenly Father more than what they do, and train their children in the path of purity, they could keep them as pure as when they were innocent babes in their mothers arms.

I have seen quite a number of old people both men and women that were living such sinful lives as if there was no "HELL" for such as they, they were bowed with age, and their looks plainly showed that their earthly life was soon to be ended, and then when they should of placed their minds upon heavenly things and live so that when God calls them that they might depart from this world without one sigh or regret into that happy home of perfect felicity, they had placed it upon vice and had become so depraved that perhaps satan himself had turned from them in disgust, and those same people who look upon a pure character with disdainfulness, call them selves Christians and we often see them at church praying with much emphasis, and perhaps crying a little to make it have more effect. No wonder sinners do not see the true value of religion and character when they can find just such people as I have described all around them.

A woman was talking not long ago in regard to the way women and girls dress. Now, she said some bitter things but all she said was more than true, for the way women and girls dress now is a disgrace to mankind on how awful it is to see women who should be the noblest and purest of all earthly beings, be so vile and contemptible as to not only disgrace herself by her conduct but also the very name of woman.

I have often wondered why women do not value their

character more than what they do, for it is the most priceless jewel of womanhood and without it they are nothing.

Girls pay more attention to your character and not so much to your outward beauty, and be sure to have no boys going with you until you have molded a character that nothing that this old world can give will ever take that from you, for if you do not do this, and commence keeping company with boys before you are old enough to realize the true value of character, you are in danger of being led astray, and then after it is too late, you will find that you have been robed of all that goes to make a noble and pure woman, character then after that life will never be the same to you, and it will be you who have to suffer, and not the vile hearted thing in the form of man who took advantage of your extreme youth and ignorance by robbing you of that which is more precious to woman than all else, character.

Boys will flatter girls and make them think that they care for them, when they are only seeking to ruin them, and do not mean to marry them at all, but some girls cannot see this until it is too late.

A boy has to be very profligate indeed, to seek to take the character from the girl he loves and means to make his wife, so when one seeks to rob a pure girl of that priceless jewel, it is not because he loves her, but because he is so full of vice that he takes great delight in wrecking and ruining the life of a chaste girl.

If men do not value their own characters as they should, they can not keep from respecting a woman who does, for there is something about a pure souled woman that makes men respect her, and if women, are not respected it is their own fault, for if they would not dress in indecent manner like a great many of them are doing now and pay as much attention to their character as they do their painted and powdered faces, I am sure the world would have a better class of women for men to respect.

Any one who wants to live a chaste life should keep good company or none, and if any one can not be sure of others, and know that they are what they should be, stay away from them for any one had better be honest and be with no one at all, then to be disgraced out cast, for there has been many people who had by keeping bad company lost their character, honor and good name, if I feel all that goes to make true manhood and womanhood, the emblem of purity.

If the lives of the wealthy men and women could be read, there would be pages so black with immorality, that people would begin to think that human race had forgotten the value of character, but yet there is a few pure men and women, and they are the ones who keeps them selves free from wealth's vile touch, for money can not buy the pleasure which comes from pure manhood or womanhood, and oh how often by the injection of money into the lives of our people, does this sweet and noble spirit of manhood and womanhood depart forever. Some people thinks that they can partake of vice and live in sin for awhile and then redeem themselves in later years, but they are wrong, for it is just as easy for rivers to run up stream, as it is for any one to redeem themselves after they once get started on the downward path of sin and vice.

There are some people who are so vile and contemptible that they hate to see any one living a pure and blameless life, and they do everything in their power to get anyone the same downward path that they are following which leads to the very depths of de-

radation and everlasting shame. Boys and girls, start on life's journey with a pure and spotless character, and keep it pure, never let any one rob you of that priceless thing and you will have something that will be worth far more to you than all the glittering gold of this world, do not ever let anyone make you think that you can go astray and then redeem, for there is but a few who can do this, and even though you be among the few, and can redeem your ruined character, it will never be as it was before—without one stain upon it, and remember to keep good company or none, and live a pure and unquestionable life, so that others may see and realize the value of character.

WANTED

Someone to build and furnish a store for benefit of Mines Five Mines to furnish in a radius of three mile circle.

At forks of road. Daily mail. Mines Starting New.

I have the Location.

Write me at once

DAVID C. LOVELESS

Salem, Ky.

Many Ships Under Water

May be Recovered.

"An interesting paragraph in Shipping" says that many of the torpedoed vessels that lie at the bottom of the sea may be salved after the war. "Neither ships nor cargoes" it affirms, "except perishable material and foodstuffs, deteriorate very much under water. When a vessel is being refloated, a barrel of oil is poured on the surface of the water in order to leave a deposit over the machinery. Repairs are quickly effected, and sections shattered by torpedoes present no great difficulties in the work of salvage. Valuable as are the ships themselves that lie at the bottom of the sea, the cargo of cotton, rubber, wool, machinery, etc., are considered to be more valuable still. Parts of the North sea and of the English channel are shallow enough for a great part of this kind of salvage work on a considerable scale, according to the authority quoted.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The following is a statement of the reward offered for the recovery of the Standard Oil Company's oil tanks which were blown up by the Germans at the port of Antwerp. The tanks contained 100,000 barrels of oil, and were being transported to the British front. The reward is offered for the recovery of the tanks, and for any one that finds them, and can get them to safety, the reward will be doubled. The tanks are to be recovered by the end of October, 1918, or any one that fails to find them for that time, the reward will be paid for the first month of November, and so on for each month thereafter. The tanks are to be recovered in twenty-four hours but the Government may redeem them in ten years. Application forms for Liberty Bonds may be procured at either the Marion or Farmer's Bank.

The teachers of the County have been asked to take the matter up with the women of their districts. If you will lend your government money to help fight the battle for liberty, give your teacher or any one who is working for this great cause, your check for the amount you wish to invest in Liberty Bonds, and the local banks will send in your application and in due time your bond will be forwarded to you.

The government must have money to win the war and the more our people put into Liberty Bonds, the lighter the burden of taxation will be. It is better to lend at a good rate of interest, than to be forced to give. The women of old Crittenden are always loyal to a good cause, let us rally to the needs of our country and buy Liberty Bonds.

proprietors of the world famous medicine, Scott's Emulsion, is one of the largest advertisers and one of the most successful firms in America, so their opinion of the value of newspaper advertising is worthy of attention. In a letter of instructions relative to their advertising in The Crittenden Record Press they say,

"The steadily increasing popularity of Scott's Emulsion is due in part to our persistent adherence to newspaper advertising. We have followed this method of publicity for nearly fifty years, and we are taking this opportunity to thank the publishers of the 2000 weeklies in which we advertise for their demonstrated appreciation of clean, truthful advertising, such as that of Scott's Emulsion."

Their opinion of The Crittenden Record Press as an advertising medium is shown by the fact that their advertising has been in its columns almost continuously for more than twenty-five years.

The Way They do at Princeton.

The Entire City in Darkness.

Princeton, Ky., Oct. 9.—A breakdown to-night at the Kentucky Light & Power plant left Princeton in darkness. The Baptist Women's Missionary Union of the Western District of Kentucky in convention at the Baptist church met being addressed by Dr. E. E. Bomar, of Owensboro, was forced to adjourn until lamps and candles could be procured.

One Drop
or
Bourbon Poultry Remedy
CURES
GAPES
A few drops in the drinking water cures and prevents all the diseases, the 20-cent bottle makes 12 gallons of medicine. All drugs, etc., by mail postpaid. Valuable poultry book free on request.

For Sale in Marion, Ky.

Haynes & Taylor.

To The Women Of

Crittenden County.

The Woman's Liberty Loan campaign will close Saturday Oct. 27. Have you bought your bonds yet? If every woman in Crittenden County who has a son or surplus money will invest in one or more Liberty Bonds, she will be doing a patriotic service for her Country, and at the same time putting by a nice little sum for future needs. Liberty Bonds are as good as gold and would be taken in any business transaction for their full face value. The bonds bear 4 per cent interest payable semi-annually, and there will be no taxes to pay on Uncle Sam's notes. The bonds are offered at par and in denominations of fifty dollars and multiples thereof. The bonds mature in twenty-four years but the Government may redeem them in ten years. Application forms for Liberty Bonds may be procured at either the Marion or Farmer's Bank.

The teachers of the County have been asked to take the matter up with the women of their districts. If you will lend your government money to help fight the battle for liberty, give your teacher or any one who is working for this great cause, your check for the amount you wish to invest in Liberty Bonds, and the local banks will send in your application and in due time your bond will be forwarded to you.

The government must have money to win the war and the more our people put into Liberty Bonds, the lighter the burden of taxation will be. It is better to lend at a good rate of interest, than to be forced to give. The women of old Crittenden are always loyal to a good cause, let us rally to the needs of our country and buy Liberty Bonds.

Margaret Moore,
County Chairman Woman's
Liberty Loan Committee.

GIVES CREDIT TO ADVERTISING

Scott & Bowes, manufacturing chemists, of Bloomfield, N. J.,

PERSONALS

E. L. Harpending, Notary Public

Richard Bebout, of Sheridan, passed through the city Sunday en route to Louisville to attend the Masonic Grand Lodge.

Luther T. Farmer, of the Secretary of State's office at Frankfort, Ky., was here last week the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Farmer, on Walker street.

Miss Katherine Yandell spent the week-end at Rosiclare, Ill., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Yandell, returning home Monday

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bourland and daughter, Miss Mildred, and son, Master Teddy, motored to Evansville Friday to spend the week-end at the Hotel McCurdy. Miss Ann Eliza Johnson accompanied them.

W. H. Clark, a prominent attorney of Hoxie, Kan., was here this week to visit his aged mother, Mrs. Nancy Clark, and sister, Mrs. John Brantley.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Roberts went to Evansville, Ind., Sunday afternoon to call on Col. D. C. Roberts at Walker Sanatorium.

Go to George W. Stone for your glasses in rims or rimless, any kind you want. His low prices will surprise you. Office hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5 on Mondays and Saturdays. Other weekdays in the afternoon only Office lower floor of Press Bldg.

Miss. Effie Deboe has rented her house to A. J. Pickens and wife who have moved to it. Miss. Effie contemplates removing to Nashville, Tenn., to reside, with her sister Mrs. J. W. Huffman.

Wallace Warren Arfack is the name of an eight lb. boy who arrived at the home of J. H. Arfack Sunday night Oct. 14th. Mrs. Arfack was a daughter of Rev. John Brown. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Mrs. Jane Franklin, Cyntherville, Mo., writes us a letter which closes as follows: "God bless you and all my dear Kentucky friends, in my dear blessed old home."

J. N. Dunn has rented the Virgil Moore residence from C. E. McGregor who has moved to Sturgis temporarily.

Ernest Butler has moved to the W. R. Gibbs place on S. E. street.

Hyomei's germ-killing malic acid is the only sensible and safe way of treating catarrh. Goes right to the spot. Breathed through the nose and mouth. Guaranteed satisfaction or money refunded. Sold by Haynes & Taylor.

Russell Moss bought the Rutledge Newcom property and has moved to it.

J. H. Brouster has sold his Ledbetter farm and contemplates moving to Marion.

C. E. McGregor and his estimable family moved to Sturgis last week. We hope he will find some relief for his eyes, which have almost gone out, and return to us later well and sound.

Sam Morse has reached America after an eventful voyage across the Atlantic in the U. S. mail service. He is remembering his friends back home by sending them French money, 1 franc pieces.

Miss Ada Ford of Toledo Ohio and her brother Lemuel Ford of Cleveland Ohio arrived here Monday too late to attend the funeral and burial of their grand mother Mrs. Elizabeth James, and are now guests of their grandfather L. H. James.

Mrs. Maggie Owen and her daughter of Dyesburg section have moved to Marion, and the young lady will enter the Marion Graded and High School.

J. E. Dean and wife of Crider passed through the city Monday enroute to Al Dean's farm to visit Miss Nannie Dean who is ill.

Jeff Chandler has purchased the Jamie Howerton residence on North Main street for \$1500. Jamie is now in Camp Shelby at Hattiesburg, Miss.

Hugh Driver and his little family have rented the C J Pierce cottage on North Main street recently vacated by Trice Bennet.

Mrs. Dora Rodgers of Owensboro arrived last week to visit her relatives and many friends here in her old home where she is greatly beloved.

Dr. Clarence G. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland and little son, Elvin, left Sunday for Louisville to attend the Masonic Grand Lodge.

The Pierce & Eldersale Thursday was successfully carried out.

The thirty-three months old Holstein male sold for \$140.00; one 4 year old male sold for \$130.00; twenty-four holstein and jersey cows brought prices ranging from \$50.00 to \$90.00; and 25 calves and heifers brought from \$14.00 to \$45.00; a sow and pigs brought \$68.00. The sale totalled \$2500.00 mostly for cash which shows how prosperous the country is at this time.

Mrs. Clarence Sisco and baby, of Sturgis, was the guest of Mrs. Paul Adams last week at the Flanary home on Salem street, where she had visited often, as Miss Gervis Shafer, before her marriage.

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KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

A Romance of Adventure

by TALBOT MUNDY

CHAPTER I.

The men who govern India—more power to them and her!—are few. Those who stand in their way and pretend to help them with a dood of words are a lost. The charge has seen the light in that India—well-spring of plague and sudden death and money lenders—has sold her soul to twenty succeeding conquerors in turn.

So when the world war broke the world was destined to be surprised on India's account. The Red sea, full of racing transports crowded with dark-skinned gentlemen whose ~~art~~ prayer was that the war might not be over before they should have struck a blow for Britain, was the India army's answer to the press.

More than one nation was deeply shocked by India's answer to "practices" that had extended over years. But there were men in India who learned to love India long ago with that love that casts out fear, who knew exactly what was going to happen and could therefore afford to wait for orders instead of running round in rings.

Athelstan King, for instance, nothing yet but a captain unattached, sat in meagerly furnished quarters with his books on a table. He is not a doctor, yet he read a book on surgery; and when he went over to the club he carried the book under his arm and continued to read it there. In the other room where the telegraph blanks were littered in confusion all about the floor, the other officers sent telegrams and forgot King, who sat and smoked and read about surgery; and before he had nearly finished one

"That depends, sir. Yes, I can bring him in."

The general laughed. "That's why I sent for you. I need a man with imagination! There's a woman you've got to work with on this occasion who can imagine a stage or two too much. What's worse, she's ambitious. So I chose you to work with her."

King's lips stiffened under his mustache, and the corners of his eyes wrinkled into crow's feet to correspond. Eyes are never coal-black of course, but his looked it at that minute.

"You know we've sent men to Khyber who are said to have entered the caves. Not one of 'em has ever returned."

King frowned.

"She claims she can enter the caves and come out again at pleasure. She has offered to do it, and I have accepted. Can you guess who she is?"

"Not Yasmin?" King hazarded, and the general nodded. The helmet-strap mark, printed India-style on King's jaw and check by the Indian sun, tightened and grew whiter—as the general noted out of the corner of his eye.

"Know her?"

"Know of her, of course, sir. Every body does. Never met her to my knowledge."

"Um-hum! Whose fault was that? Somebody ought to have seen to that, go to Delhi now and meet her. I'll send her a wire to say you're coming. She knows you've chosen you. She tried to insist on full discretion, but I overruled her."

King's tongue licked his lips, and his eyes wrinkled. The general's voice became the least shade more authoritive.

"When you see her, get a pass from her that'll take you into Khyber caves! Ask her for it! For the sake of appearances I'll gazette you seconded to the Khyber ridges. For the sake of success, get a pass from her!"

"Very well, sir."

"You've a brother in the Khyber tribes, haven't you? Was it you or your brother who visited Khyber once and sent in a report?"

"I did, sir."

He spoke without pride. Even the brigade of British-Indian cavalry that went to Khyber on the strength of his report and leveled its defenses with the ground, had not been able to find the famous caves. Yet the caves themselves are a byword.

"There's talk of a Jhud (holy war). There's worse than that! When you went to Khyber, what was your chief object?"

"To find the source of the everlasting rumors about the so-called 'Heart of the Hills,' sir."

"Yes, yes. I remember. I read your report. You didn't find anything, did you? Well, The story is now that the 'Heart of the Hills' has come to life. So the spies say."

King whistled softly.

"There's no guessing what it means," said the general. "Go and work with Yasmin! The spies keep bringing in rumors of ten thousand men in Khyber caves, and of another large Jhud not far away from Khyber. There must be no Jhud. King! There must—not—he—one! Keep that in your head!"

"What arrangements have been made with her, sir?"

"Practically none! She's watching the spies in Delhi, but they're likely to break for the 'Hills' any minute. Then they'll be arrested. When that happens the fate of India may be in your hands and hers! Get out of my way now, until I tell you!"

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King grunted. To stop a holy war single-handed would be rather like stopping the wind—possibly easy enough, if one knew the way. Yet he knew no general would throw away a man like himself on a useless venture. He began to look happy.

The general cracked his whip without any other comment than a smile. A blood-red torch sparks out of the incandescence, and a dusty military road began to ribbon out between the wheels. Sentries in unexpected places announced themselves with a ring of shaken steel as their rifles came to the "present," which courtesies the general noticed with a raised whip. On the docket's high front seat, staring straight ahead of him between the horse's ears, King listened. The general did nearly all the talking.

"The North's the danger."

King grunted with the lids half-closed over full, dark eyes. He did not look especially handsome in that attitude. Some men swear he looks like a Roman, and others like him to a gargoyle, all of them choosing to ignore the smile that can transform his whole face instantly.

"We're sending India of troops—not keeping back more than a mere handful to hold the tribes in check."

King nodded. There has never been peace along the northwest border. It did not need vision to foresee trouble from that quarter. In fact it must have been partly on the strength of some of King's reports that the general was planning now.

"Well, the tribes'll know presently how many men we're sending overseas. There've been rumors about Khyber by the hundred lately. They're cooking something. Can you imagine 'em keeping quiet now?"

The general watched his face with eyes that missed nothing.

"Remember—I said work with her!"

King looked up and nodded. "They say she's three parts Russian," said the general. "To my knowledge she speaks Russian like a native, and about twenty other tongues as well, including English. She was the girl widow of a Russian hill rajah. I've heard she loved her rajah. And

she loves him; and without trembling to turn his head, he knew that Major Hyde was to be his carriage mate again.

"Orders," said King.

"Is that your answer?" asked the major. Balked ambition is an ugly horse to ride. He had tried for a command but had been shelved.

"I have sufficient authority," said King, unruffled. He spoke as if he were thinking of something entirely different. His eyes were as if they saw the major from a very long way off and rather approved of him on the whole.

"Show me your authority, please!"

King dived into an inner pocket and produced a card that had about ten words written on its face, above a general's signature. Hyde read it and passed it back.

"So you're one of those, are you?" he said in a tone of voice that would start a fight in some parts of the world and in some services. But King nodded cheerfully, and that annoyed the major more than ever; he snorted, closed his mouth with a snap and turned to rearrange the sheet and pillow on his berth.

At intervals by showers of sparks from the gasping engine, then King, strangely without taking off his shoes, drew a sheet up over his shoulders. On the opposite berth Hyde covered his head, to keep dust out of his hair, and presently King heard him begin to snore gently. Then, very carefully he adjusted his own position so that his profile lay outlined in the dim light from the gas lamp in the roof. He might almost have been waiting to be shaved. Long after midnight his vigil was rewarded by a slight sound at the door. From that instant his eyes were on the catch under dark closed lashes; but his even breathing was that of the seventh stage of sleep that knows no dreams.

A click of the doorknob heralded the appearance of a hand. With skill, of the sort that only special training can develop, a man in native dress intruded himself into the carriage without making another sound of any kind. King's ears are part of the equipment for his exacting business, but he could not hear the door click shut again.

For about five minutes, while the train swayed headlong into Indian darkness, the man stood listening and watching King's face. He stood so near that King recognized him for the one who had arrested him on Rawal-

train. He made a sign that brought the man to him on the run.

"Did you see that runaway?" he asked.

"Ha, sahib. I saw one running. Shall I follow?"

"No. This piece of his shirt will identify him. Take it. Hide it! When a man with a torn shirt, into which that piece fits, makes for the telegraph office after this train has gone on, see that he is allowed to send any telegrams he wants to! Only, have copies of every one of them wired to Captain King, care of the stationmaster, Dehli. Have you understood?"

"Ha, sahib."

"Grab him, and lock him up tight afterward—but not until he has sent his telegrams!"

"Atcha, sahib."

"Make yourself scarce, then!" Major Hyde was dressed, having performed that military evolution in something less than record time.

"Who was that you were talking to?" he demanded. But King did not seem to understand until the native sergeant had quite vanished into the shadows.

The engine shrieked of death and torment; the heat relaxed as the engine moved—loosened—let go—slid at last, and a trainload of hot passengers sighed thunders.

"What are you looking at?" Hyde demanded at last, sitting on King's berth.

"Only a knife," said King. He was standing under the dim gas lamp that helped make the darkness more mysterious. He stowed the knife away as best he could, and the major emerged to as best he could.

Major Hyde was asleep, snoring prodigiously. Then King pulled out the knife again and studied it for an hour. The blade was of bronze, with an edge honed to the keenness of a razor. The hilt was of nearly pure gold, in the form of a woman dancing. The whole thing was so exquisitely wrought that age had only softened the lines, without impairing them. It looked like one of those Greek toys with which Roman or men of Nero's day studied their art. For that was not why he was so whistle very softly to himself.

Presently he drew out the general's favorite of papers with the photograph on the top. He stood up, to hold both knifed and paper close to the light in the roof.

It used no great stretch of imagination to suggest a likeness between the woman of the photograph and the other, of the golden knife-hilt. And really, looking at him then, would have dared suggest he looked something like her.

If the knife had not been so ancient to-day might have been portraits of the same woman, in the same disguise, taken at the same time.

"She knew I had been chosen to work with her. The general sent her word that I am coming," he muttered to himself. "There must have been a spy watching at Peshawar, who wired to Rawal-Pindi for this man to jump the train and go on with the job. Why should she give the man knife with her own portrait on it? Is she queen of a secret society? Well—see shall see."

He lay back with his head on the pillow, and before five minutes more he was asleep. His middle toe in repose looked Roman, for the sun had tanned his skin and his nose was aquiline. In museums, where sculptured heads of Roman generals and emperors stand around the wall on pedestals, it would not be difficult to find several that bore more than a faint resemblance to him. He had breadth and depth of forehead and a brow that bent itself to smiles as well as sternness, and a throat that expressed many determination in every nodded line.

"Hides!" Hyde yelled at the top of his lungs, groping wildly for his pistol and not finding it.

King sat up and rubbed his eyes. The native drew the knife, and, flexing himself in command of the situation—hostile to one priceless second. He saw his error and darted for the door too late. With movement unbelievably swift King was there ahead of him, and with another movement not so swift, but much moreconcerting, he threw his sheet as the native was used to throw a net in ancient Rome. It wrapped round the native's head and arms, and the two went together to the floor in a twisted struggle.

In another half-minute the native was writhing, for King had his knife in two hands and was bending it backward while he pressed the man's stomach with his knees.

The knife fell to the floor, and the thief made a gallant effort to recover it, but King was too strong for him. He seized the knife himself, slipped it in his own bosom and resumed his hold before the native guessed what he was after. The train had brought him to an unexpected station. He plunged into the crowd much as a man to the mood might plunge into a whirlpool. The station screamed, echoed, reverberated, trembled. At one minute the whole building shook to the thunder of a clanging regiment; an instant later it clattered to the wrought-steel hammer of a thousand hammers, as led troops dashes dazed into confusion to invade the waiting trains. Soldiers of nearly every Indian military caste stood about everywhere. Townsfolk of each of the dozen railway stations stood in long straight lines, talking or muttering in their sun-baked or smokelag.

Threading his way in and out among the motley swarms with a great black cheer between his teeth and sweat running into his eyes from his helmeted head, Athelstan King strode at ease—

"I almost never fully happy because perfectly aware that a native was following him at a distance, although he did wonder how the native had contrived to pass within the lines. At the end of fifteen minutes there was not a single staff officer there who could have deceived him as to the numbers and destination of the force entraining.

"Knew it!" he told himself, chewing the butt of his cigar and keeping well ahead of the shadowing native. He did not have to return salutes, because he did not look for them. Very few people noticed him at all, although he was recognized once or twice by former classmates. At his leisure—in his



That's the Woman! How Do You Like the Look of Her?"

I've heard she didn't! There's another story that she poisoned him. I know she got away with his money—and that's proof enough of brains! Some say she's a she-devil. I think that's an exaggeration, but bear in mind she's dangerous!"

King grinned. A man who trusts Eastern women over readily does not rise far in the secret service.

"If you've got nous enough to keep her on your soft side and use her—not let her use you—you can keep the 'Hills' quiet and the Khyber safe! If you can contrive that—now—in this pinch—there's no limit for you! Commander in chief shall be your job before you're sixty!"

King pocketed the photograph and papers. "I'm well enough content, sir, as things are," he said quietly.

The general paced once across the room and once back again, with hands behind him. Then he stopped in front of King.

"No man in India has a stiffer task than you have now! A Jhud launched from the 'Hills' would mean anarchy in the plains. That would entail sending back from France an army that can't be spared. There must be no Jhud, King! There must—not—he—one! Keep that in your head!"

He began to walk up and down, not elbowing but percolating through the crowd,ossing nothing worth nothing in the hot kaleidoscope and seeming to find new amusement at every turn. It was not in the least astonishing that a well-dressed native should address him presently, for he looked general enough to be asked to hold a baby. King himself did not seem surprised at all. Far from it; he looked pleased.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man. In English, I think. "I am seeking Captain King sahib, for whom my brother is vere anxious to be servant. Can you kindly tell me, sir, where I could find Captain King sahib?"

"Certainly," King answered him. He looked glad to be of help. "Are you traveling on this train?"

The question sounded like politeness, welling from the lips of unspokenness.

"Yes, sir. I am traveling from this place where I have spent a few days, Bombay, where my business is."

"How did you know King sahib is on the train?" King asked him, smiling so gently that even the tolls could not have charged him with mere courtesy.

"By telegram, sir. My brother had the misfortune to raise Captain King sahib at Peshawar and therefore sent a telegram to the asking me to do what I can an interview."

"I see," said King. "And judging by the sparkle in his eyes as he looked away, he could see a lot. But the native could not see his eyes at that instant, although he tried to.

He looked back at the train, giving the man a good chance to study his face in profile.

"See that carriage?" he asked, pointing. "The fourth class carriage from the end? Well—there are only two of us in there; I'm Major Hyde, and the other is Captain King. I'll tell Captain King to look out for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the native. "You are most kind! I am your humble servant, sir!"

King nodded goodby to him, his dark eyes in the shadow of the khaki helmet seeming scarcely interested any longer. "Couldn't you find another berth?" Hyde asked him angrily when he stepped back into the compartment.

"What were you out there looking for?"

King smiled back at him blandly. "I think there are railway thieves on the train," he announced without any effort at relevance. He might not have heard the question.

Hyde snorted and returned to his seat in the silence of unspoken scorn. But presently he opened a suitcase and drew out a repeating pistol which he cocked carefully and stowed beneath his pillow; not at all a contemptible move, because the Indian railway thief is the most resourceful specialist in the world. But King took no overt precautions of any kind.

After more interminable hours night down on them, red-hot, black-dark, monotonously subdivided into seconds by the thump of carriage wheels and

"Why are you here?" asked an acid



"Come at Once," It Said.

box of cheroots a general at Peshawar wiped a bald red skull and sent him an urgent telegram.

own way, that was devils and like a string of maces—he entered toward the telegraph office. The native who had followed him all this time drew closer, but he did not let himself be troubled by that.

He whispered proof of his identity to the telegraph clerk, who was a Hindu engineer, new to that job that morning, and a sealed telegram was handed to him at once. Because it was wartime, and the censorship had closed the Indus like a throttling string, it was not in code. So the Mirza Ali, of the Fort, Bombay, to whom it was addressed, could be expected to receive the lines.

Cattle intended for slaughter, dispatched Bombay on Fourteen down. Meet train Will be inspected on route, but should be dealt with carefully on arrival. Cattle inclined to stampede owing to bad seas received north of tehsil. Take all precautions and notify Abdul.

"Good!" he chuckled. "Let's hope we get Abdul too. I wonder who he is!"

Still uninterested in the man who shadowed him, he walked back to the office window and wrote two telegrams: one to Bombay, ordering the arrest of Ali Mirza of the Fort, with an urgent admonition to discover who his man Abdul might be and to seize him as soon as found; the other to the station in the north insisting on close confinement for Sultan.

That being all the urgent business, he turned leisurely to face his shadow and the native met his eyes with the engaging frankness of an old friend coming forward with outstretched hand. They did not shake hands, but the man made a signal with his fingers that is known to not more than a dozen men in all the world, and that changed the situation altogether.

"Walk with me," said King, and the man fell into stride beside him.

He was a Rangar, which is to say a Rajput who, or whose ancestors, had turned Mahratta. Once in a Rajput he was not a big man, but he looked tall and well. He had a red face above the rest of his face, and although his matted dress clattered on the floor, the touches of silk and mohair gave

The softness of velvet, teeth gleaming regularly under a thin, shaved nose. He betrayed no trace of bachelor or other softness. King was not so sure that the eyes were browned, but he changed his opinion when the man in dozen times wag in the hour. Once he would even have sworn the were green.

The man was a regular Rangar chandy, of the type that can be seen playing polo almost any day at Mount Abu, that gets into mischief with a grace due to practice and heredity—a

border to going like the wind. Rewa Gunga opened a jeweled cigarette case.

"Will you have one?" he asked with the air of royalty entertaining a blood-cousin.

King accepted a cigarette for politeness' sake and took occasion to admire the man's slender wrist, that was doubtless hard and strong as woven steel, but was not much more than half the thickness of his own. One of the questions that occurred to King that minute was why this well-bred youngster whose age he guessed at twenty-two or so had not turned his attention to the army.

"My height?"

The man had read his thoughts!

"Not quite tall enough. Besides, you are a soldier, are you not? And do you fight?" Then, after a minute of rather strained silence: "My message is from her."

"From Yashmin?"

"Who else?"

King accepted the rebuke with a little inclination of the head. He spoke as little as possible, because he was puzzled. He had become conscious of a puzzled look in the Rangar's eyes and it only added to his problem if the Rangar found in him something inexplicable. The West can only get the better of the East when the East is too cocksure.

"She has jolly well gone North," said the Rangar suddenly, and King shut his teeth with a snap. He sat bolt upright and the Rangar allowed him self to look amused.

"She has often heard of you," he said.

"I've heard of her," said King.

"Of course! Who has not? She has destined to meet you, sahib, ever since she was told you are the best man in your service."

King grunted, thinking of the knife beneath his shirt. Again it was as if the Rangar read a part of his thoughts, if not all of them. It is not difficult to remember that trick, but to do it a man must be on his guard, or so. East will then what he has thought and what he is going to think, may play havoc with what were not. King stood still.

Then suddenly as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people a little not browned part of the middle pair of curtains and said "Sahib," smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelin. King looked seriously interested and which were not. King stood still.

"Other men are able to protect anybody else from my God's number of us, no, whatever may lead you to think the contrary. I trust now forward your life to the men's keeping!"

Very good for her, I'm sure," King said. He was thinking of the general's express order to apply for a "pass" that would take him into Khiljan caves—mainly cursing the necessity for asking any kind of favor—and wondering whether to ask this man for it or with whom he should meet Yashmin. The Rangar answered his thoughts again as if he had spoken them aloud.

"She left this with me, saying I am to give it to you! I am to say that wherever you went, it, between here and Afghanistan, your life shall be safe and you may come and go!"

King stated. The Rangar drew a bracelet from an inner pocket and held it out. It was a wonderful bar-barlic thing of pure gold, big enough for a grown man's wrist, and old enough to have been hammered out in the very womb of time. It looked almost like ancient Greek, and it fascinated with a hinge and clasp that looked as if they did not belong to it and might have been made by a very skillful modern jeweler.

"Want you wear it?" asked Rewa Gunga, watching him. "It will prove a true talisman! What was the name of the Johnny who had a hump to rub? Abdul? It will be better than what he had! He could only command a lot of bogies. This will give you authority over flesh and blood! Take it, sahib!"

So King put it on, letting it slip up his sleeve out of sight—with a sensation as the snap closed of putting bandents on himself. But the Rangar looked relieved.

"That is your passport, sahib! Show it to Khiljan whenever you suppose yourself in danger. The Indus might go to pieces, but while Yashmin lives—"

"Her friends will know about her, I suppose?"

King finished the sentence for him because it is not considered good form for natives to hint at possible dissolution of the Anglo-Indian government. Everybody knows that the British will not govern India forever, but the British—who know it best of all, and work to that end most fervently—are the only ones encouraged to talk about it.

For a few minutes after that Rewa Gunga held his peace, while the Rangar swayed at breakneck speed through the swarming streets. King, watching and saying nothing, did not believe for a second the same explanation Yashmin had left behind. She must have some good reason for wishing to be first up the Indus, and he was very sure indeed he had slipped away. It might be only jealousy, yet why should she be jealous?

It was the next remark of the Rangar that set him astir on his guard, and thenceforward, whoever could have read his thoughts would have been more than human. He had been of that thought-rending trick ever since his aya (native nurse) taught him to his Hindustani; just as surely he knew that his impudent use was intended to sap his belief in himself.

"I'll bet you a hundred dials," said the Rangar, "that she decided to be there first and get control of the situation! She's slippery, and quick, and like all women, she's jealous!"

The Rangar's eyes were on him, but King was not to be caught again. It is quite easy to think behind a fence, so to speak, if one gives attention to it.

"She will be busy presently fooling those Afghans," he continued, waving his cigarette. "She has foisted them away, to the limit of their early Kent Yashmin plugs to—"

amusement and power—a good game—a deep game! You have seen already how India has to ask her aid in the Hills! She loves power, power, power—not for its name, for names are nothing, but to use it!"

"How long have you known her?" asked King.

The Rangar eyed him sharply.

"A long time. She and I played together when we were children. It is because she knows me very well that she chose me to travel North with you, when you start to find her in the Hills!"

King cleared his throat, and the Rangar nodded, looking into his eyes with the engrossing confidence of a child who never has been refused anything, in or out of reason. King made no effort to look pleased.

Just then the coachman took a last corner at a gallop and drew the horses up to their haunches at a door in a high white wall. Rewa Gunga sprang out of the carriage before the horses were quite at a standstill.

"Here we are!" he said, and King noted that the street curved here so that no other door and no window overlooked this one.

He followed the Rangar, and he was no sooner into the shadow of the door than the coachman lashed the horses and the carriage swung out of view.

"This way," said the Rangar over his shoulder. "Come!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was a misty smelling entrance, so dark that to see was scarcely possible after the hot glare outside. Dimly King made out Rewa Gunga mounting stairs to the left and followed him. When he guessed himself two stories at least above road level, there was a sudden blaze of reflected light and he blinked at more colors than he could count. Curtains were reflected in each mirror, and little glowing lamps, so curiously arranged that it was not possible to guess which were real and which were not. King stood still.

Then suddenly as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people a little not browned part of the middle pair of curtains and said "Sahib," smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelin. King looked seriously interested and which were not. King stood still.

Then suddenly as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people a little not browned part of the middle pair of curtains and said "Sahib," smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelin. King stood still.

"I wrote at the foot of the tur," said King, "that they are to inform him that the answer comes."

The Rangar's eyes blazed for a second and then grew cold again, as King did not fail to observe. All this while the woman danced on, in time to wall-to-wall dhoti music, until it seemed from nowhere, a lovely woman than any of them appeared in their midst, sitting cross-legged with a flat basket at her knees. She sat with arms raised and availed from the waist as if in a delirium. Her arms moved in ever wider circles, higher and higher above the basket lid, and the lid began to rise. It was minutes before the bodies of two great king cobras could be made out, moving against the woman's spongy dress with heads raised, hissing the cobra's hate song that is prone to the poisondeath.

They struck at the woman, one after the other, and she leaped out of their range, swift and as supple as they. Instantly then she joined in the dance, with the snakes striking right and left at her. Left and right she swayed to avoid them, far more gracefully than a matador avoids the bull and courting a dandier peccadillo than he—polished himself to smile.

"Never mind," he told Ismail. "It is no matter. It is ever well to think twice before speaking once, for thrice mistakes are stillborn. Only the monkey-folk thrive on quick answers—is it not so? Then art a man of many inches—of tail and shrew—hey, but thou art a man! If the heart within those great ribs of thine is true as thine arms are strong I shall be fortunate to have thee for a servant!"

"Aye," said the Afzil. "But what are words? She has said I am thy servant, and to hear her is to obey!"

"Then, take me in a telegram!" said King.

He began to write at once on a half-sheet of paper that he tore from a letter he had in his pocket, transposing into cipher as he went along.

Yashmin has gone North, is there any reason at your end why I should not follow her at once?

He addressed it in plain English to his friend the general at Peshawar, and handed it to Ismail, directing him carefully to a government office where the cipher signature would be recognized and the telegram given precedence.

Ismail stalked off with it, striding like Moses down from Sinai—hock—hock—hawk-eye—howling beard—dignity and all, and King settled down to guard himself against the next attempt on his sovereign self-command.

Now he chose to notice the knife on the ebony table as if he had not seen it before. He got up and reached for it and brought it back, turning it over and over in his hand.

"A strange knife," he said.

"Yes—from Khiljan," said Rewa Gunga and King eyed him as one who eyes another.

"What makes you say it is from Khiljan?"

"She brought it from Khiljan caves herself! There is another knife that matches it, but that is not here. That bracelet you now wear, sahib, is from Khiljan caves too! She has the secret of the caves!"

"I buy honest that the 'Heart of the Hills' is there," King answered. "Is the 'Toot of the Hills' a treasure house?"

Rewa Gunga laughed.

"Ask her sahib! Perhaps she will tell you! Perhaps she will let you see! Who knows? She is a woman of resource and unexpectedness—let her women dance for you a while!"

King nodded. Then he got up and laid the knife back on the little table. A minute or so later he noticed that a sign from Rewa Gunga a woman left the great window place and slipped the knife away.

"May I have a sheet of paper?" he asked, for he knew that another fight for his self-command was due.

Rewa Gunga gave an order, and a maid brought a sealed paper to him. He drew out his own fountain pen, and since his nice object was to give his brain employment, he wrote down a list of the names he had written

"Come!" ordered Rewa Gunga.

The man obeyed.

"Did you see?" Rewa Gunga chuckled. "He rose from his place like a buffalo, rump first and then shoulder after shoulder! Such men are safe! Such men have no guile beyond what will help them to obey! Such men think too slowly to invent deceit for its own sake!"

The Afzil came and towered above them, standing with gnarled hands knotted into clubs.

"What is thy name?" King asked him.

"Ismail!" he hooted.

"Thou art to be my servant!"

"Aye! So said she. I am her man. I obey!"

"When did she say so?" King asked him blandly.

The Afzil stroked his great beard and stood considering the question. King entered a shrewd sus-

pirized in the train on the journey from Peshawar, not thinking of a use to the like until he had finished. Then though, a real use occurred to him.

While he began to write more than a dozen dancing women swept into the room from behind the silk hangings in a concerted movement that was all the stammering grace. Wood-wind music called to them from the great deep window. They began to chink, still drearily, and with the chink the dance began, in and out, round and round, lazily, ever so lazily, writhed in riotous gossamer that was scarcely more solid than the sandalwood smoke they wafted into rings.

King watched them and listened to their plunk until he began to recognize the strain on the eye muscles that precedes the mesmeric spell. Then he wrote and read what he had written and wrote again.

"What have you written?" asked a quiet voice at his ear; and he turned to look straight in the eyes of Rewa Gunga, who had leaned forward to rend over his shoulder. Just for one second he hovered on the brink of quick defeat. Having escaped the Sylph of the dancing women, thence diverted for him in the shape of eyes that were pools of hot mystery, it was the sound of his own voice that brought him back to the world again and saved his will for him unbent.

"Head it, won't you?" he laughed. "If you know, take this pen and mark the names of whichever of these men are still in Delhi."

Rewa Gunga took pen and paper and set a mark against some thirty of the names, for King had a manner that deflected refusal.

King began to watch the dancing again, for it did not feel safe to look too long into the Rangar's eyes. It was not wise just then to look too long on any one subject.

"Ismail is slow about returning," said the Rangar.

"I wrote at the foot of the tur," said King, "that they are to inform him that the answer comes."

The Rangar's eyes blazed for a second and then grew cold again, as King did not fail to observe. All this while the woman danced on, in time to wall-to-wall dhoti music, until it seemed from nowhere, a lovely woman than any of them appeared in their midst, sitting cross-legged with a flat basket at her knees. She sat with arms raised and availed from the waist as if in a delirium. Her arms moved in ever wider circles, higher and higher above the basket lid, and the lid began to rise. It was minutes before the bodies of two great king cobras could be made out, moving against the woman's spongy dress with heads raised, hissing the cobra's hate song that is prone to the poisondeath.

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Following a Brutal Example

On another page will be found American newspaper comments upon the decisions reached by Great Britain and France to retaliate on their enemy by the dropping of bombs on defenseless women and children in Germany in return for similar brutalities practiced by Germany. It is quite human to yield to a feeling of resentment and yet, human as it is to adopt retaliation is none the less INHUMAN, and it is to be regretted that the allies have, by adopting an indefensible course, surrendered their protest against a policy that has brought upon Germany the curse of the civilized world. The logic with which the allies attempt to defend this proposed action will not stand the light of history. Future generations will blush to read that BOTH sides resorted to the deliberate murder of innocent women and children. "They did it first" will lose its power to soothe the conscience when the passions of war have cooled and reason resumed her sway. It is a false logic which could be used just as well to excuse the mutilation of prisoners or the use of submarines against passenger ships.

If the example of Germany, instead of being denounced as infamous, is to be followed, we shall lose a normal argument which has been of great value in strengthening the purpose of the American people and which has made it easier for German-Americans to divorce their sympathies from the fatherland. It is most unfortunate that this moral argument can no longer be used, it is a distinct loss that will far outweigh an advantage to be gained by imitation of a form of cruelty so revolting.

W. J. BRYAN.

C. S. NUNN
Attorney at Law
MARION, KENTUCKY
Post Office Building.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

Sept. 17, 1917.

Dear Mr. Jenkins:

I am somewhere in England and I can't tell you where, we of the gospel among all who expect to leave here tomorrow for have ever preached at Dunn Springs. He possesses a wonderful command of language and he can picture out the glory of Christ and His kingdom in a most picturesque manner. The

Right Place.

"Really, Kate," said the young man in considerable alarm, "I am sorry, I lost my hand and kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family." "Well, Roy," replied the young woman, "If you ever feel any more such attacks coming on, you had better come right here where your infamy is known, and we will take care of you." — New York Times.

Mr. Jenkins the home gang seems rather reluctant to writing to me, would be more than

IN SOCIETY

Mrs. J. D. Threlkeld was a delightful hostess to a party given Thursday afternoon.

Victrola music was enjoyed by the guests and a cat contest was engaged in later, which caused quite a good deal of merriment.

A delicious salad course of chicken salad, fruit salad, sandwiches, and coffee was served.

Mrs. Threlkeld's hospitality included a few of her neighbors and friends—Mesdames Mrs. Evans and daughter Esire, Mrs. Astor, S. M. Jenkins, Mrs. A. L. Goss, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Wilkins, G. C. Gray, Mrs. Blue, R. F. Durr, and Elizabeth Evans.

DISTRESSING NEWS

RECEIVED HERE

Little Miss Katherine White Operated on in New York Hospital

The friends of the World War White families here were greatly shocked and grieved to receive a telegram to the effect that a Miss Katherine White had been operated on in New York Hospital.

Radio Sgt. Wilbur Bickley, Hires & Supply Co., 6th, Regt., Coast Artillery Brigade, American Expeditionary Forces Abroad, Care of Postmaster, N. Y. City.

First Month's Department

And Average For 7th, Grade

	Dp't	Avg
Eston Yates	99	95.75-10
Gwendoline McGregor	98	95.2-10
Evelyn Fowler	96	91.9-10
Vudu Eskew	98	94.8-10
Jamie Paris	98	94.4-10
Evelyn Roberts	97	91
Katherine Arlick	99	93.7-10
Louise Patterson	99	93.7-10
Daisy Agee	98	93.4-10
Otis Arlick	85	92.7-10
Elizabeth Hard	97	92.7-10
Sylvan Belt	97	92.5-10
Virginia Wurley	97	92.4-10
Ruby Birchfield	95	91.4-10
Annie Rae Binkley	96	91.1-10
Samuel Gugenheim	97	91
Corinne Moore	97	90.5-10
Hickman Moore	72	90.5-10
Inez Oliver	98	90.1-10
Lawson Paris	83	89
Dewel Beard	97	87.8-10
Lavine Guess	94	86.9-10
Billy Newcom	72	85.6-10
Pearl Hughes	98	85.5-10
Gladys Fritts	92	85.5-10
Coleman Werley	97	84.4-10
Mabel Sutherland	94	83.3-10
Ruth Holmes	98	81.8-10
Weldon Huna	90	82.7-10
Annie Smith	93	81.8-10

Correspondent Visits

Marion High School.

Your correspondent recently enjoyed the privilege of giving a recitation for the benefit and entertainment of the eleventh grade of the Marion high school and your pencil pusher wishes to say that a better-looking, a more intelligent and a nicer-appearing class of young people would be exceedingly hard to find. The teacher of the eleventh grade also impressed me as being a man of unusual intelligence and refinement all of which may account in some degree for the spleen-like appearance of his class.

Rev. H. C. Hopewell, of Paducah has recently finished a series of protracted meetings at Dunn Springs church. It is doubtful whether there is one preacher in a hundred who is gifted with the eloquence of Rev. Hopewell.

He possesses a wonderful command of language and he can picture out the glory of Christ and His kingdom in a most picturesque manner. The

Right Place.

"Really, Kate," said the young man in considerable alarm, "I am sorry, I lost my hand and kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family." "Well, Roy," replied the young woman, "If you ever feel any more such attacks coming on, you had better come right here where your infamy is known, and we will take care of you." — New York Times.

School Fair Program.

The teachers of Division number 2 have added to the School Fair Program the following articles.

Best dozen ears of corn, best

dozen Irish potatoes, best dozen

sweet potatoes, best dozen apples,

best dozen winter pears, best stalk

of tobacco, best pint of sorghum

molasses, best half dozen heads of

broom corn.

Homer Davidson, Pres.

Emma Terry, Secy.

City Tax Notice.

City Taxes are now due. The

penalty will come on in a few

days. So come and get it.

G. E. BOSTON,

Oct. 1st, 1917.

members of the Dunn Springs church are well pleased with the services which he has rendered.

Hebron school is progressing nicely under its able and efficient teacher, Homer Davidson, who

seems to be a fine young gentle-

man and who is conscientiously

endeavoring to teach his school

in the right manner. It is im-

possible for any teacher to main-

tain perfect discipline among a

gang of lusty, red-blooded chil-

dren; but Mr. Davidson is coming

about as near doing such a thing

as can be reasonably expected

of him. — A visitor.

On Wednesday Rev. Hugh S.

McCord preached to an audience

of men out in the yard. His sub-

ject was tithing, his text Prov.

3: 9-10. The sermon was the most

forcible and convincing it has

ever been my privilege to hear

on the subject. The entire audi-

ence seemed to be convinced of

the fact that tithing is the Lord's

method of raising funds for the

Lord's work. At the close of the

sermon twenty five men came

forward and gave their names

and said they were going to be

beginning tithing.

At the same hour Rev. T. C.

Newman preached to a crowd of

women and children, his text

being Job 12: 8. Rev. Ashburn

administered the sacrament. At

two o'clock Rev. Ashburn ad-

dressed the Presbytery in the

interest of the Sunday School

and Young Peoples work. Bro.

Ashburn is a very forcible speaker

and a enthusiast in the Sunday

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